2: Courlander 8-6 (1937-1945) 1960 8V3 Hait 8V3

named in the song has been dead for years does not seem to matter very much:

Mwé'm alé ch parleur!	Take me to the parlor!
Mwé'm alé!	Take me!
Mwé'm alé!	Take me!
Mwé'm alé ch parleur Bwosé	Take me to Bwosé's parlor!
Mwé'm alé ché! [Fa. 120]	Take me, oh!

Sometimes the challenge is directed to a more lowly level of authority, such as the gendarme:

> Gendarme, mwé'm nan bureau!
> Rwo, gendarme ché! [Fa. 121]
>
> Gendarme, take me to the police station!
> Rwo, gendarme, ché!

Haitians are notable for their restraint from physical violence. During holiday celebrations it is not uncommon to see men who have drunk enough tafia to make them act up. Some of them may even be morose and bellicose. But the disturbances of the peace more often than not are verbal. So long as the first blow is not struck, the social pressures against violence operate effectively. But physical assault against an individual—a push, a blow, a slap—is an affront to personal dignity which relieves the victim of the social restraints and gives him the right to bodily revenge. I have seen waterfront rows, fierce and vocal, in which no one but the participants showed much interest. But should one man shove or strike another, the spectators would immediately interfere, for that single physical contact would have removed the barriers to the worst violence. Sometimes at carnival time a man assumes the guise of belligerence. Such a bully may roll up one trouser leg to indicate he is challenging all and sundry to a fight. Usually, passers-by move aside good-naturedly when he approaches. He is not taken seriously; but neither is he challenged, except by another man in the same frame of mind. When two men with rolled trouser legs meet, there may be a verbal encounter, possibly from opposite sides of the street, to the general entertainment of the bystanders. It is usually a serio-comic affair. Some of the folk songs memorialize occasions on which a man has publicly spoiled for a fight, real or imaginary. This song comments briefly on a man named Çalèx, who looked for trouble:

> Way way way!
> Way way way!
> Way way way!
> Çac blan sarangé sarye yo!
> Mèsse on bastòn lè!

533*
534*
537
683
579

Çalira Çalira ça!
Mène en bataille lâ!
Ça qui fin strongé coupa pa!
Mène en bataille lâ! [Ex. 122]

Way way way!
Way way way!
Way way way!
Those who can't fight, take care of yourselves!
Take me into the battle!
Çalira, this Çalira!
Take me into the battle!
Those who are delicate, take care of yourselves!
Take me into the battle!

Another battle cry in song goes:

C'est nous mêmes, c'est nous mêmes!
C'est nous mêmes, c'est nous mêmes!
Pas wè'm déjà gros Nèg' rous!
Na maingain djab lâ!

It is me myself, it is me myself!
It is me myself, it is me myself!
Don't you see I am a big man, now?
I will hold that devil!

In the following song an aggrieved man declares he is strong as a bull, and warns his enemy to beware.

Anou mayain tè glissé nou c'est bèf oh!
Anou mayain tè glissé nou c'est bèf oh!

I'll fix you, treacherous fellow,* I am a bull, oh!
I'll fix you, treacherous fellow, I am a bull, oh!

Even a successful game of dice is the subject of bragging:

533*
539*
524

Pasal lini,
Oh pasal belle,
Pasal en beauté!
Pasal lini,
Oh pasal belle,
Pasal en beauté!
Yé è mès frappé mo,
Mon fé mès beauté [Ex. 123]

More than sweet,
Oh, more than handsome,
More than a beauty!
More than sweet,
Oh, more than handsome,
More than a beauty!
Last night I played dice,
I made them sweet

* Tè glissé, literally "slippery earth," means a person who is treacherous.